



AN HOUR AT THE OLD PLAY GROUND.

BY HENRY MORFORD.

I sat an hour to-day, John,
Beside the old brook stream,
Where we were school-boys in olden time,
When manhood was a dream,
The brook is choked with fallen leaves,
The pond is dried away—
I scarce believe that you would know
The dear old place to-day.

The school-house is no more, John,
Beneath our locust trees;
The wild rose by the window side
No more waves in the breeze;
The scattered stones look desolate,
The sod they rested on
Has been plowed up by stranger's hands,
Since you and I were gone.

The chestnut tree is dead, John,
And what is sadder now—
The broken grape-vine of our swing,
Hangs on the withered bough;
I read our names upon the bark,
And found the pebbles rare,
Laid up beneath the hollow side,
As we had piled them there.

Beneath the grass-grown bank, John,
I looked for our old spring,
That bubbled down the alder path,
Three paces from the swing;
The rushes grow upon the brink,
The pool is black and bare,
And not a foot, this many a day,
It seems, has trodden there.

I took the old blind road, John,
That wandered up the hill,
'Tis darker than it used to be,
And seems so lone and still!
The birds sing yet among the boughs,
Where once the sweet grape hung,
But not a voice of human kind
Where all our voices rung.

I sat me on the fence, John,
That lies as it old time,
The same half panel in the path
We used so oft to climb—
And thought how o'er the bars of life
Our playmates had passed on,
And left me counting on this spot
The facts that all are gone.

DICK DARLING;

OR,

A SHORT AND A MERRY LIFE.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

CHAPTER VIII.—CONCLUDED.

As a sort of blind, Doolittle made some small bets on other cards before he brought in his settlers on the queen. Finally, when the stakes got as high as 50, he let fly on the female he relied on to carry him triumphantly through. His largest bet now lay on the Queen. That time, as he expected, he won.

"Double the bet," whispered Lyme. Doolittle did as advised, and again he won. Lyme nodded assent to Monsieur, and joined Dick, who was smoking and singing by turns to a party of friends, while the excited Doolittle kept on betting and winning on the queen, which, by some strange fatality or Monsieur's skillful management, never racked a dollar in favor of the bank. Lyme sauntered back to the inventor, and, singing a moment, said: "The extent of this thing isn't more than \$1000 or \$1200 a bet; if you were able to stand as high as that it would settle it. It's my belief you can break the bank did you make one heavy stroke;" and again the inventive genius commenced his game; \$1100 lay on the queen. But as many of his kind companions, faithful to small trusts but betray one of greater magnitude, so this gentle female—for the first time that evening, and to the utter horror of Doolittle, whose washing machines were all represented in the money that covered this last bet—turned her sweet face to the left, and broke her confiding backer. Fairly dizzy at the extent of his loss, the novice reeled up to Lyme, and announced his wish to go home.

"How much have you cleared by your discovery?" "I've lost every dollar I've got," was the sorrowful answer.

"No, impossible!" ejaculated the apparently astonished Driscoll. "Come out in the air and tell me about it;" and Lyme turning to Dick met the eye of Marathy. Some signs of intelligence passed between them, which did not escape the notice of the well-picked Pigeon, who, half ad-lib by his losses and the wine he was unused to, began to whimper that he had been foully dealt with, that the card had won, but by some trickery he had been cheated.

"Drop him," said Lyme to Dick.

"And by J.usalem!" shouted Doolittle, "I'll go to law; I'll take the law on you."

"Go to h—ll and take that," returned Lyme, giving him a ringing blow on his nose.

The unfortunate countryman, staggering back by the knock, received a second from Dick, who, laughingly, dealt him a souser in his hand that doubled him up like a jack-knife.

"Let up," said Lyme; and they picked the prostrate and stunned inventor from the floor, and carrying him down to the door, they looked up and down the deserted street. Several persons were passing, so setting their burden on the floor of the hall, they stood in a group around the door till the sidewalk bore no sound of steps to their listening ears; then they bore the unfortunate victim a few doors up, and deposited him in a sitting position on a well-known stone that makes a pedestal during the day for the fashionably-attired sports who decorate our street corners; and there, at 3 o'clock, he was found by a stray policeman, the model of his washing machine under his head, and toted to the station house.

CHAPTER IX.
The St. Denis Hotel—A Missionary Speculation—The Divine's Daughter—An Adventure in a Bed-chamber—How Dick Imparted Religious Instruction—\$450 in Cash—A Daughter's Career—Coming Events Cast their Shadows Before.

In the reading room of the St. Denis, two mild, benevolent-looking gentlemen were discussing the usual topics of the day; finally, one remarked, "Do you go to Saratoga this week?"

"No, sir," retorted the other, "I have unfortunately been invited to address the Foreign and Home Mission Board, at Saugerties, next Sunday, and my acceptance will necessitate my remaining in the city, but I shall join you early in the week. I have been very successful in these subscription lectures. By my efforts I have realized large sums, and induced several men of means to behave very handsomely in the way of donations. When accepting the Saugerties Society's invitation to speak, I distinctly specified my inability to reach there earlier than 7 P. M., but I perceive from this paper that I am advertised to speak in the afternoon. As I am wholly unknown there, I wish you would make it public, lest many should think they were listening to my humble efforts when they were not."

"I would with pleasure," retorted the other, "but I am not going back to Saugerties at all—shall remain in New York about ten days."

At this period in the conversation we have related, our friend Dick, who had been studiously observing the passers by, rose and walked leisurely out of the room, and up the stairs to the private parlor of his uncle, who was dividing his attention between breakfast and his newspaper.

"Governor," said Dick, "I preach in Saugerties Sunday afternoon."

"Preach in hell, more like; what streak have you struck?"

Dick related the conversation between the two divines we have before recorded.

"Don't see it," was Lyme's ejaculation, "I suppose it's the women in this affair that is the loadstone."

"To hell with the women. Do you not understand that this Rev. Doctor Christianson is the great missionary just returned? He takes up large contributions at his discourses—he procures heavy donations privately. He otherwise has a very large thing, and to step into his shoes for a while will be to feather our nest neatly. You must be on the track with a horse and wagon to run me safely out of the place by the time the *bona fide* Foreign Mission establishes his claim."

It began to look differently to Driscoll, who had gradually become used to the dictatorial manner in which Dick broached his plans, and secure in the feasibility and reason of his projects, to yield in all things.

Agreeing to this project without further delay, it being then Saturday and late in the day—the two started on the last train. Lyme went directly to a sporting house kept by a friend of old times—while the elegant Dick, dressed faultlessly in a suit of ministerial black, and wearing upon his handsome face a pair of steel bowed spectacles, went to the hotel and registered his name as the Rev. Henry Christianson.

Not an hour elapsed before the whole neighborhood became aware that the popular missionary preacher was in their midst, and the retirement of his room was sought by the minister in whose pulpit he was to officiate, and two of the worthy deacons.

Dick's ebony curls were carefully brushed from the olive-tinted forehead, that passed well for the bronzed brow of the newly returned missionary, and the steel bowed spectacles lent a number of years to his apparent age, and quenched the brilliant flash of his wondrous eyes.

Imagine, then, our hero, safely and snugly stowed away behind a spotless necktie of virgin white. The glossy black pants, skillfully padded in front to the clerical roundness of the estimable person whose position he occupied. The face smoothed into a look of ministerial sagacity, holding audience with the excellent Dr. Psalter, whose piety consisted in a nasal twanging voice, and the sorriest visage ever worn by man.

"Welcome, Dr. Christianson," began the gentleman; "I have but this instant learned of your arrival, and driven over to convey you to the parsonage. My wife and daughters would not hear of your remaining at a hotel while they have a roof to offer you."

To Dick's imagination, there was very little of a tempting nature in the parson's wife, or the parson's house; but the parson's daughters rescued the parson's chance of securing the guest; and, after some conversation of a theological character, that would have puzzled Dr. Blair or any other eminent divine, and which quite knocked Dr. Psalter off his perch; who, unable to comprehend the high-flown periods of his intellectual colleague, came directly to the conclusion that his mind was composed of the most sublime material, as his conversation was of the largest words, and meekly led the way to the parsonage.

On the piazza, gathered to greet the visitor, our hero noticed a buxom, hearty, not ill-looking woman of forty, who bore the Rev. Dr. Psalter's company on his earthly pilgrimage, much after the fashion a pig and a turkey might be supposed to travel, were they yoked together as an experiment.

Ellen Psalter gloried in the charms of intellect, rather than personell, while Dora, a prettier creature of sixteen, seemed to Dick's careful scrutiny, the only remunerative article in the group. Introductions over, the family entered the parlor. The young ladies from a recess of a window, commented upon their guest, who, extremely busy in giving Dr. Psalter a glowing account of the Calcutta Mission Station, stole an occasional glance at them over the infernal glasses that he inwardly d—d.

The evening passed in social converse, and after partaking of a glass of elderberry wine—home manufacture—which he washed down at an early opportunity from a pocket pistol in his bosom, with mutual satisfaction, the worthy doctor escorted Dick to his room, the latter only too glad to escape further questions. Once ensconced within it, the doctor's asthmatic voice was heard receding in the passage, bidding the girls to go to bed; and lest they should talk all night about the new comer, Ellen had better go and sleep with an invalid aunt. This proposition seemed to meet with favor, for he heard the younger, apparently alone, enter the next room. After remaining there awhile, she crossed the passage to procure a book, as it afterwards proved.

The instant the watchful Dick heard this movement he opened his door, and quickly entered the young lady's room. In a moment more Dora tripped once more into the apartment, bringing an article much affected by romantic young ladies, her journal; gathering ink and pens around her, she commenced making an entry of the events of the day, previously divesting herself of her dress and hoops. Our hero lay quietly on the bed, towards which she never once glanced. After writing some time, she

read half aloud to herself, to the great edification of the listener, the following criticism upon his ways and looks. It is needless to say Dick nearly fainted with suppressed laughter.

"How can I properly describe that which has transpired within the quiet circle of our home to-day. The Rev. Dr. Christianson, as we expected, arrived. But did I dream of meeting such a person? The posy clouds of twilight just illumed the path leading to the road, when I beheld approaching with papa this great and distinguished man. I had formed an idea of him that I found entirely wrong. He is the perfection of manly grace and beauty—and so religious? Every time I met his eyes, I felt inclined to drop on my knees in prayer, so powerfully does he impress one with his holiness. And then, his voice as he spoke so beautifully of the neglected Gaz-zandas, a race in the interior of Africa, that aunt Lucy is determined to send, through him, a hundred dollars, that she may be the means of doing good to one poor Gaz-zanda. He will make a great impression to-morrow; his preaching must carry conviction with it!"

Dick was almost in convulsions. "Peradventure I shall work a great work here," he muttered.

Finally, Dora, with a sigh, laid aside the book, and commenced disrobing. Article after article she laid aside, and when, after a fervent prayer, she blew out the light, and sprang into bed—although terribly startled at the sudden and unexpected embrace she had fallen into—yet her love of religious instruction made her a willing pupil. So Dick got over the first part of his clerical duties in an extremely easy manner.

The following day, to a large and enthusiastic audience, Dick essayed his virgin sermon. Powerfully he pictured the forsaken heathen—the poor, miserable creatures, howling through the wildernesses they inhabited, and beating their brains out with cocoa nuts, for want of the gospel, which, by a liberal outlay of dollars, they could procure for each.

At the close, a contribution was taken up, and Dick pocketed, with pious gratitude, the round sum of two hundred dollars—which, joined with the one hundred dollars donated by Miss Lucy, the maiden aunt of his fair pupil, and three fiftys from the three excellent deacons connected with Dr. Psalter's diocese, made four hundred and fifty dollars realized by this affair. Lyme Driscoll drove quietly past the gate of the parsonage at early dusk, and, as the Simon Pure missionary in pursuit of coppers for the cause of Christianity drove by in a private conveyance into town, the successful swindler and his accomplice, chinking the dollars they had made, left by another road in an opposite direction.

The night closed on a wiser and sadder man. Rev. Dr. Psalter almost doubted the evidence of his senses, and since the stranger so mysteriously disappeared, he thought of the forms Satan assumes to tempt the faithful; and in that belief he rested, till coming events in his daughter Dora's career, cast their shadows before. When this result of the Foreign Mission became apparent, the cup of the Psalter misery ran over, and the worthy priest abandoned his creed, that he had entertained the devil unwares.

CHAPTER X.

The Blonde Beauty—A Presentiment—The Husband's Return—The Secret Revealed—The Charge—The Answer—The Proof—Dick Discovers a Former Female Acquaintance—A Suicide.

The lovely Mrs. Prescott and her daughter Belle sat in their handsome drawing-room. It is many years since we met Annette, but the blonde beauty that resists so long the attacks of age, still bloomed on our old friend. Some needle-work, such as ladies delight to play work at, lay neglected in her lap, and the anxious gaze she now and then threw at the door, showed plainly her heart was not at rest.

"Belle," said the lady, "what can have kept your father down town to-night? I have a presentiment of some fearful ill. I have struggled to feel calmly, but I find it impossible."

A loud ring at the door interrupted the lady, and she ejaculated,

"Thank God, he is here at last—that is his ring, and I hear his step."

The parlor door thrown open, admitted the proprietor of the mansion and two strangers. Mrs. Prescott rose at his entrance, and was speaking quite sharply at his delay, but catching sight of the gentlemen she checked herself.

Isabelle, alarmed at the look she saw on her father's face as he removed his hat and the gas light fell on the pale, stern features of Mr. Prescott, glanced inquiringly at his two companions. The elder still stood in the half-closed door, but the other had raised his hat, and she saw a young and elegant man, whose figure, remarkably graceful, resembled in a striking degree the heavier form of his companion in the door.

"Isabelle, leave the room," sternly spoke the father, and trembling with apprehension of she knew not what, Miss Prescott rose and obeyed.

"Annette," again said the stern cold voice, "I have to-night received two visits, one from a man well known to me by reputation, while I was a resident of Boston, and the other—" he paused, and Mrs. Prescott, who had been standing from the moment of her husband's entrance, seemed suddenly struck with some terrible fear, and staggering back, would have fallen, but the young stranger caught her almost fainting form, and placed her on the sofa from which she had risen.

"The other," resumed Mr. Prescott, not heeding, apparently, the distress of his wife, "claims to be the illegitimate child of Annette Baldwin. I have brought these two visitors to confront you—this man claims to have seduced you while at school in Boston, and this one to be the living proof of your guilt and my disgrace."

Mrs. Prescott mechanically closed her eyes, and they fell for the first time in many years on the well-remembered face of Lyme Driscoll.

"Is this the truth?" demanded her husband. "Deny it or confess it."

Annette was not a weak, timid disposition, but this was all so sudden that she strove in vain to find words to speak; her trembling lips murmured some indistinct words, and with the name of Driscoll upon them, she sank fainting to the floor.

Lyme, turning in his cold, sarcastic manner to Mr. Prescott said:

"You can want no more convincing evidence of the proof of my assertions than the conduct of your wife. If you do, however, you can find the negress Lize, who attended her at the time this child was born, and who would confirm my statements."

"Lize," said Mr. Prescott, "that woman is now in the house and has been bed-ridden for years. Come with me to her room."

So saying, he led the way from the apartment, leaving the young man in the room with the insensible Mrs. Prescott.

For the first time in twenty years, Dick Darling looked upon his mother.

He gazed long and curiously on her prostrate form, and finally, when the quivering face betokened returning consciousness, he raised her once more upon the sofa, and rang the bell to bring assistance. It was answered by Isabelle, who, rushing to her mother, flung herself upon her knees beside her, and begged Dick to tell her what had happened. Dick did not fail to recognize the Bell Prescott of Miss Tailor's seminary, and thought inwardly, "I shouldn't have cared to have found it out now, seeing she's a sort of sister."

Before Dick could think in what way he should account for the illness of her mother, the sharp, ringing report of a pistol sounded through the house, and he darted out of the room in the direction indicated by the noise. Guided by the screams of the servants, he rushed towards an upper room, where he found Lyme supporting Mr. Prescott.

Our ancient acquaintance, Lize, her black face fairly pale with terror, half out of bed—one or two Irish girls, emitting scream after scream in the hall—and the discharged pistol being nosed about on the floor by a large dog, who seemed to understand it had been the cause of all this tumult.

"He's a goner, Dick," said Lyme.

"Not at your hands?" gasped Dick.

"His own," returned his father. "He was unarmed, but he seized my pistol from my pocket, and discharged it through his breast. Must have struck his heart, I think," he added, as the wounded man, with a sudden convulsive struggle, fell back, perfectly dead.

"Take that girl away," said Lyme, as Bell made her appearance on the threshold.

Dick sprang, and half led and half carried her to the room below, where Mrs. Prescott, stupefied with all that had transpired, sat, unable to move, where Dick had left her.

The frightened Lize had made a terrified confession of her complicity in this old affair; and the maddened, desperate husband, having the means accidentally brought within his reach, had rushed from his trouble—perhaps to greater misery in another world. And Annette, who had truly loved her husband, felt her punishment had come.

CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.

HUNTING IN MEXICO.

Having secured a guide to take us to the lakes, about a league and a half distant, we were up at early morn, and eager for the hunting grounds. By the time our breakfast was over, our burros were all packed, and we started upon a small but delightful path that entered at once into a dark and magnificent forest, of various species of tropical trees. The morning was fresh and invigorating; the sky was obscured by a thick fog; and the grass wet with a heavy dew. We went joyously on ahead of the pack animals; first one and then another popping away at wild pigeons, which we found in these woods in great abundance, and so tame as to offer but little sport. Many other curious and beautiful birds were darting about through the woods in every direction. Almost every variety of parrots kept up a continual din, whilst large flocks of great macaws went screaming overhead, or sat in pairs upon the dead branches of tall trees, careering one another in the most affectionate manner.

After a very pleasant walk we reached the lakes, our bags well filled with game we shot upon the road, each one as much as he could carry. One of our company killed a deer and a very large rabbit, besides a number of pigeons, etc.

On arriving at the lakes, the first thing was to select a good camping-ground, and we were happy in finding an excellent spot, between two small lagoons, with an open space between. Some accommodating trees afforded us a shelter and a convenient place to swing our hammocks, so as to form a square in the centre. We made our *Mozo* clean off the spot, and we arranged everything in systematic order. Our kitchen was selected in an equal taste, a few rods off, so as not to be annoyed with the smell of cooking, and thus our servants might be to themselves—making upon the whole a very agreeable picnic camping-ground.

Water-fowl of various species were passing in flocks from one lake to the other, directly over our camp, affording us good sport every morning before breakfast. We frequently bagged before leaving camp of a morning, a sufficient number of birds to have satisfied any reasonable sportsman. But to the big lake we must go, which literally swarmed with nearly every species of water fowl. I noticed various species of our Northern duck; among the most abundant was the green winged, blue-winged widgeons, shovlers, canvas-backs, redhead, broadbills, etc. Curlew, plover, stilts, avocets, and snipe, were also in great abundance; besides the long-legged or Peruvian duck, which belongs to the tropics, and a very fine duck to eat, and a very fine game-bird. We also found the wild Muscovy duck here, from which our tame ones are domesticated. Few persons are aware that the Muscovy duck, which is found in almost every barnyard, with us, was originally brought from South America; it is a bird, in its native state, exclusively tropic, and is found from the Gulf of California to the Amazon River, in South America.

This lake, which I have called the Big Lake, is about about half a mile from our camp; is quite shallow, and several miles in extent. We waded about over it, occasionally stirring up a huge alligator; but these were old acquaintances of mine, for "Cutahoula," the place of my nativity, abounds in alligators, "gar-fish," and bilious complaints.

A SELL ON THE M. P.'s.—A Sacramento (Cal.) paper says:—"Henry Derrick, a member of Engine Co. No. 5, of San Francisco, who is training to run a foot race with a member of Neptune Hose, of this city, during the next State Fair, as a matter of exercise, ran to town yesterday from Scott's ranch, some eight or nine miles above the city. Accompanied in a red shirt he passed the station house at a rapid pace, and in a few moments afterwards, along came Tom Floyd on horseback, and inquired of officers J. M. and P. R., present, if they had seen a man running by dressed in a red shirt, suggesting that he had been doing something, and passed on. The officers said that they had, and imagining that the fugitive could have been guilty of nothing less than murder, and that they might immortalize themselves by arresting him, started out in search of him in different directions. They kept up the search for several hours, until, finally, J. M. was informed that it was a sell."

A SPIN OF SIXTY YARDS.—A foot race of sixty yards, came off at Lowrey's Ranch, California, on Saturday, Aug. 10, between John Williams, of that place and Green Miles, of Tehama, for \$400 a side. Williams won the race, beating Miles two feet and seven inches. Time, 34 seconds. Very fast time, if correct.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

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Advertisements, 12 cents per line for each and every insertion. Day of publication, Wednesday of each week.

FRANK QUEEN, PROPRIETOR.

No. 29 Ann street, New York.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1861.

Notice to Subscribers.—Subscribers receiving their papers in colored wrappers, will please understand that their terms of subscription have expired.

CIRCUS MEN IN THE WAR.

Our friends of the circus and the stage have acted nobly in the present war, by being foremost to venture their lives for the preservation of the Union. Many of them are in the army of the Republic, doing good service to the best of causes. We cannot hope that all of these will come back to us, but there are two things sure in this connection—that those who do survive will be welcomed by the grateful plaudits of their countrymen, and that the memories of the others will be honored as the memories of patriots should be, and as in America alone they probably are.

From recent accounts, we learn that several of our well known equestrians have joined the legions of the nation—men who, after making a glittering figure on horseback in the circus, are anxious to do something of the sort on the battle field. More valuable acquisitions than these, the army of the United States could not possibly have. As an immediate consequence of their professional avocations, the gentlemen spoken of are perfect masters of the horse—in the majority of cases, too, they are well skilled in sword and lance exercise; and thus, as soldiers attached to cavalry regiments, the conclusion is inevitable, that they will be found of greatly enhanced value: first, from their knowledge of what, else, they would have to be taught; again, from their efficiency, through practice in the same, on the battle field; and thirdly, from the account to which they could be put in the drill of their comrades, less accustomed to either weapon or horse than they (their teachers) are.

We might enumerate collateral advantages, all tending to the value of our circus friends in a military point of view. Our true American showmen, for instance, are as a body of men, of temperate and orderly habits. Mixing with all sorts of people, they have acquired that command over their temper which such a communion is likely to effect, and which can have no fitter place than in an army, where the presence of one man accustomed to self government, is of more service to the discipline and the cause at large, than the presence of a dozen mere marionettes would be.

At a time like the present, when it is the firm and united opinion of all true and loyal Americans that the war should soon be ended, and the fell monster secession be bruised on the head, as the serpent of old, it is the duty of all in the condition, to throw their endeavors in the right scale. Men of all classes, all creeds, have done so, are still doing so; and great is our gratification in counting among them, our useful and clever friends of the stage and circus, for whom we would bespeak the favorable opinion of the whole people. While the war lasts, let the house or the canvas where any willing patriot has gone to war, be remembered, and when he (the actor, the minstrel, or the showman) comes back, let there be crowded benches for him, and bully cheers, with a "tiger."

WHAT OF THE DONCASTER ST. LEGER?

This has been a pertinent and puzzling question among British Turfites of late, no one being able to state positively, which animal was to be the winner. Our old friends, the Predictators, as Herrmann, the wizard, would style himself were one of them, have come to the rescue at the latest moment, however, and in their various "organs," set to work of infinite variety, issued on the Saturday previous to the week in which the momentous question was to be decided, thus illuminating a, till then, unlighted public, with their "usual" precision. Touchstone, the turf philosopher of the Era, thinks he has found the philosopher's stone in either Kettledrum, Kildonan, or Aurelian, giving them the preference in the order named. Wise Touchstone, then dost give evidence of thy prudence in selecting three out of only eight probable starters. The "Stable Mouse," in the same journal, utters a discordant squeak, some one having trod on his tail, we presume, and boldly avers that Kettledrum must win, thus endorsing "Touchstone." Therefore we suppose the Eras will invest on the "Prum that calls aloud." It is to be hoped, however, that they will not get enticed into a trap by following the "Mouse." "Angus" of the Sporting Life argues the case in an "equi-logical" manner, but withal, seems doubtful as to what horse shall win, but pins his faith more particularly on Kettledrum, with a favorable inclination towards Aurelian. He repudiates Kildonan's chances with vehemence. "Beacon" the shining light of *Bell's Life*, also, vividly flatters his opinion that Kettledrum is to be the winner, but takes the precaution to name Aurelian and Ripon as likely to be successful. "Rhyming Richard" pretizes in *Bell's Life*, to the effect that Imaus will run off with the laurels and the "spelter," while another poet of the same journal, whose surname is "Orange Blossom," names Kildonan as the inevitable winner. How far the predictions of these venerable seers will be borne out by the result, remains to be seen, but as the majority favor Kettledrum, we suppose they have got the ropes cut and dried, that he must win anyhow. About the only mention of Mr. Ten Broeck's stable in reference to this turf event, is in connection with the Lexington stakes, which, "Beacon" thinks will fall to the lot of Wallace, who has been selected to run there for the American turf representative, in preference to Starke or Empire. The prospects are that lively times will ensue at the Doncaster meeting, and that much money will change hands.

HE WOULD GO TO WAR.

REPORTED FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY LEOLF REESE.

On the breaking out of this rebellion, which has cast gloom and desolation over our once peaceful and prosperous, but now distracted country, the bombardment of Fort Sumter produced an unusual degree of excitement. Volunteer companies were forming in all the principal towns and villages in the country; men of all classes were enlisting—be "grey mechanics" the sturdy yeoman, old and young, rich and poor—all were leaving their daily pursuits, and rallying around the Standard of Liberty. Kenneth Square, a small borough in Chester County, Penn., of course must not be behind her neighboring towns in patriotism, so her citizens called a meeting in the Borough Hall, and after making some patriotic speeches, a roll book was opened, and in a few days a company of the looking young men was formed, numbering some seventy members, under the command of Captain C. F. Taylor, brother to Bayard Taylor, the great American poet and traveler. A few days previous to their departure to Camp Curtin, at Harrisburg, they were quartered in the Town Hall, where they were drilling, when they were interrupted by the entrance of an old son of the Emerald Isle—

"Where is de Captain, boys?" said he.

"One of the men pointed out Captain Taylor to him, when up bolts John, (for that was the name of our hero) giving one of those bows and a scrape of the foot peculiar to Irishmen—"Are you de Captain?"

"I believe," said Mr. Taylor, "these young men have offered that honor upon me."

"Well," says John, "do yess want any more honors?"

"I believe," said the captain, "my company is most full, but I would not object to take a few good young men."

"Well," says John, "I'd like to go as a sager in the army."

"Why," said Taylor, "you appear too old to do military duty."

"Ould is it, you mane? Sure I was only sixty five last November, and yer don't call that old, do yess?"

"But," said the captain, "that is rather above the age required by law, and I don't think that you could endure the hardships that the men have to encounter."

"Hardships!" exclaimed John; "and shure, wasn't it myself that crossed the Ocean in as hard an old ship as ever sailed?"

"My friend, you don't understand me. I mean can you stand a very severe drill?"

"Drill, is it? And sure didn't myself and Mike Murphy, bad luck to him, use one in the quarries for twenty years?"

"Oh my friend," said Taylor, getting tired of losing time with the man, "I don't think that you will ever become very expert in military science."

"Science, is it yer want? J— if that is all yer after stand

forward me (at the same time putting himself in position as Aaron Jones) was it it itself that took the constable out of Pat Holloway, the dirty blackguard, in less time than a dry Irishman could knock

the countenance of a glass of good whiskey or the virtue out of an ould maid—and then talk about science, will ye?"

"I see, sir," said the captain, angrily (amid the roars of laughter of the men), "you don't comprehend my meaning. I say that you can never become expert in the use of arms."

"Arms is it you mane?" says the Irishman. "I'm sure a good pair of legs would be of more consequence to a man in the times of war."

The captain informed John that he believed his company would bear inspection with what men he had—"but," says he, "John, you had best join the Home Guard."

"And you," said the Irishman, "would make a good blackguard."

With that he left the room very indignant. The last seen of him he was breaking for the tavern for a smile.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. SCHLESINGER.—Many thanks for compliance with our suggestion and for the contributions.

GEO. H. DRENNICKS.—*En tu, Brille*, etc., &c.

P. RICHARDSON.—Games now available, on the docket, thank you.

E. W. BRYANT.—Thanks for the visit and package of duplicates; very many of them were new and interesting additions to our collection.

THOMAS M. BROWN, Kansas City, Mo.—Your last at hand; we have answered you fully, by letter, but would be pleased to try to get a package through to you in the present state of Mo.

MORLEY CHASE BROWN.—Despite all draw backs, this elegant and pleasant recent presents a large and animated Chess circle every evening. The ample Chess Library should be a never failing source of attraction, and be more generally consulted than it seems to be. Here our N. Y. champion holds his seat against all comers.

WILSON'S SALOON.—This downtown Chess resort is thronged daily with devotees of our gentle goddess seeking their bloodless victories with all degrees of courage and skill. A general raffish air attends the proprietor's determination to retain his patronage and popularity during the season now opening.

PAULSEN AND KOISCH.

CHESS ASSOCIATION AT BRISTOL, ENG.

TWO GAMES DRAWN.

THE great centre of interest in the present gathering of the "British Chess Association," at Bristol, was the assured meeting of Herr Paulsen and Koisch. Luckily for the visitors who wished to see this great match, the interest in which swallowed up all others, it came on at the very first round, so that the excitement at once rose to the very highest point. The first contest was "Roy Lopez." Paulsen playing Herr Lowenthal's Defence to that most formidable *début*. Of this we need not speak further, as we append the score. The second was a 12 hours struggle, Herr Koisch playing the "Sicilian Defence." This like its predecessor was drawn; and thus do these giants in Chess's lists, and confronting each other.

THE SCORE.

The first part of the great match in the Bristol Grand Tournament between Herr Koisch and Paulsen.

RY LOPEZ KNIGHT'S GAME.

Attack, Herr Koisch. Defence, Herr Paulsen.

1. P to K4. P to K4. 13. K Kt to B3. Q Kt x Kt +.

2. K Kt-B3. Q Kt-B3. 14. K R x Kt. P-Q R3.

3. K Kt-B3. P-Q R3. 15. K Kt-B3. Q B-K3.

4. K Kt-B3. K Kt-B3. 16. K Kt-B3. Q B-K3.

5. Castles. 17. P-Q R3. P-Q R3.

6. P-Q R3. P-Q R3. 18. Kt-Kt3. Q-P R3.

7. Q Kt-B3. Castles. 19. Kt x Kt. Q-P R3.

8. P-K R3. P-K R3. 20. K-hs Rsq. Q x Kt P.

9. K Kt-R2. K Kt-R2. 21. Q-R-K Rsq. K B x B.

10. P-K B4. K P x B. 22. Q x K B. Kt-Kt4.

11. Q B x P. B Kt-B4. 23. Q Kt x Kt. R P x Kt.

12. Q-her2. Q Kt-Q5. 24. Q x Kt2. P Q B-K3.

Herr Koisch proposed a draw, which was instantly accepted.

SOLUTIONS.

OF PROBLEM No. 288.

White. Black. White. Black.

1. B to Q4+. Kt to K4. 4. Kt to R2. P to Kt6+.

2. Q-K B3+. Kt-K B2. 5. K-R3. P-Kt5+.

3. K-Rsq. Kt-R5. 6. K-R4. P-Kt4+.

7. Kt to R6, compelling 7. P to Kt3 mate.

OF PROBLEM No. 287.

1. Q to K6+. K x Q. 2. K x R. K x Kt. 3. B mates.

OF PROBLEM No. 288.

For the Solution of this masterpiece see "CLIPPER CHESS FORUM TOLUAMANT."

OF PROBLEM No. 289.

Resolvable in three, instead of four moves, thus:—

1. P to Q Kt3. K x P. 2. B x P. K moves; 3. R mates.

OF PROBLEM No. 290.

1. R x P+. K x R. 2. Q to R6+. K moves; 3. Q mates.

1. K-R6. 2. Q x P+. Q moves; 3. B-Ksq. mate.

1. K-R6. 2. B-Ksq+. Q-B7+. 3. B x Q. mate.

ENIGMA No. 296.

From the Era.

To the Rt. Hon. Lord Lyttelton, President of the Chess Association, and one of the most illustrious patrons of the game of Chess, the following study is humbly dedicated by his Lordship's most obedient servant,

HUNTER J. LOWENTHAL.

at his Rsq. KR2. Q6. QR31.

at QRsq. QKt1sq. QRt2. KR4. QR5th.

White, with the move, to win the party.

PROBLEM No. 296.

BY H. C. ERID, M. D.

BLACK.

at his Rsq. KR2. Q6. QR31.

at QRsq. QKt1sq. QRt2. KR4. QR5th.

White, with the move, to win the party.

at his Rsq. KR2. Q6. QR31.

at QRsq. QKt1sq. QRt2. KR4. QR5th.

White, with the move, to win the party.

at his Rsq. KR2. Q6. QR31.

at QRsq. QKt1sq. QRt2. KR4. QR5th.

White, with the move, to win the party.

at his Rsq. KR2. Q6. QR31.

at QRsq. QKt1sq. QRt2. KR4. QR5th.

White, with the move, to win the party.

at his Rsq. KR2. Q6. QR31.

at QRsq. QKt1sq. QRt2. KR4. QR5th.

White, with the move, to win the party.

at his Rsq. KR2. Q6. QR31.

at QRsq. QKt1sq. QRt2. KR4. QR5th.

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at his Rsq. KR2. Q6. QR31.

at QRsq. QKt1sq. QRt2. KR4. QR5th.

White, with the move, to win the party.

at his Rsq. KR2. Q6. QR31.

at QRsq. QKt1sq. QRt2. KR4. QR5th.

White, with the move, to win the party.

at his Rsq. KR2. Q6. QR31.

at QRsq. QKt1sq. QRt2. KR4. QR5th.

White, with the move, to win the party.

at his Rsq. KR2. Q6. QR31.

of all praise. It reminds us of "Auld Lang Syne" to see the games, always elegant, of this old friend, one of our earliest and pleasantest contributors, again before us. Can we not again and often enjoy the same pleasure?

(d) The Defence has been ably conducted throughout.—Leonard.

CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.

THE AMERICAN DRAUGHT PLAYERS—THE SECOND EDITION NOW READY.

We take pleasure in announcing that a corrected edition of the above named work is in the market. In the first edition there were a few typographical errors, which have been carefully revised in the second. Our former opinion of the work remains unchanged. We still regard it as the most instructive, voluminous, and useful treatise ever published. Price \$2, post paid to all parts of the U. S.

Copies mailed on receipt of price. Address FRANK QUEEN, Editor N. Y. CLIPPER, No. 29 Ann street, New York.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. H. T. Harrison, O.—Position received, but not the solution. Our rule is not to examine positions unaccompanied by a solution. Please forward the same.

LEIMINARY OF THE WEST, Buffalo, N. Y.—Maid of the Mill appears this week.

GAME No. 25.—VOL. IX.

| White. | Black. | White. | Black. |
|-----------|--------|-------------|-------------|
| 1. 11 15 | 22 17 | 15 17 | 26 31 |
| 2. 8 11 | 17 13 | 16 17 | 20 16 |
| 3. 15 18 | 23 14 | 17 17 | 11 16 |
| 4. 9 18 | 26 23 | 18 2 11 | 25 22 |
| 5. 10 14 | 24 19 | 19 6 10 | 29 25 |
| 6. 4 8 | 28 24 | 20 11 15 | 22 17 |
| 7. 6 10 | 24 10 | 21 15 18 | 25 21 |
| 8. 1 6(a) | 30 26 | 22 10 15 | 13 9 |
| 9. 11 15 | 32 28 | 23 5 14 | 10 7 |
| 10. 15 24 | 28 19 | 24 18 25 | 10 7 |
| 11. 8 11 | 19 16 | 25 15 18 | 7 2 |
| 12. 12 19 | 23 16 | 26 22 26 | 2 7 |
| 13. 14 17 | 21 14 | 27 26 31(b) | |
| 14. 10 17 | 26 22 | | Black wins. |

Notes by L. of the W.

(a) The first move of var. 46, A. D. P., page 179. Spayth and A. H. Mercer pronounce it a draw only, while I propose to show a win.

(b) This win for Black plays out Variation 51, by A. H. Mercer, who attempts to show that Black loses. See A. D. P., page 180.

SOLUTION OF POSITION No. 23.—VOL. IX.

| White. | Black. | White. | Black. |
|----------|--------|---------|-----------|
| 1. 30 25 | 21 30 | 4 18 15 | 11 9 |
| 2. 6 2 | 30 23 | 5 2 25 | 29 22 |
| 3. 22 17 | 13 22 | 6 5 14 | and wins. |

[Solution of No. 24 next week.]

SOLUTION OF STURGES' 424 POSITION.

| White. | Black. | White. | Black. |
|----------|--------|---------|--------|
| 1. 32 28 | 24 20 | 5 32 27 | 24 28 |
| 2. 18 22 | 22 18 | 6 27 32 | 18 22 |
| 3. 31 27 | 23 19 | 7 31 27 | 22 26 |
| 4. 27 31 | 19 24 | 8 30 23 | 28 24 |

and wins.

SOLUTION OF STURGES' 434 POSITION.

| White. | Black. | White. | Black. |
|----------|--------|--------|-----------|
| 1. 22 17 | 21 25 | 4 3 7 | 11 2 |
| 2. 17 13 | 25 10 | 5 9 6 | and wins. |
| 3. 14 9 | 6 10 | | |

POSITION No. 25.—VOL. IX.

BY JOHN DUMMOND, ESQ.

END GAME.

Occurring in actual play.

BLACK.

BLACK.

WHITE.

WHITE.

BLACK to move and win.

BLACK to move and win.

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WORKS sent free. 25-114

to resist attack, come from whatever quarter it may.

DEATH OF BEN CAUNT.

A CELEBRATED BRITISH PUGILIST—EX-CHAMPION OF ENGLAND.

Death has added another public victim to his long account. Ben Caunt is no more. Poor Ben was taken ill on Wednesday, September 4, with inflammation of the bowels, and was considered bad up to the time of his decease, but the symptoms did not warrant the supposition that his end was approaching. At twelve o'clock on Monday night, Sept. 9, his old friend Nat Langham, who has continually visited Ben during his illness, wished Ben "good night," and promised to see him the next morning, but Ben, who has caused many floorers in his time, was felled by death, and that rather suddenly, at half-past four o'clock the next morning. None of his family were present, and the only person to close his eyes and perform the last sad office, was his housekeeper.

Ben Caunt was born at Hucknall, near Nottingham, on the 22d of March, 1815, and made his appearance in the P. R. in opposition to Bendigo, by whom he was defeated in 22 rounds, at Appleby House, July 21st, 1835, for £5 a side, being at that time 14½ stone in weight, and 6ft. 2in. in height. He next fought and beat Butler, for £20 a side, 14 rounds, at Stoneyford, August 18th, 1837; beat Boneford, £5 a side, six rounds, at Sunrise Hill, Notts, 1837. The next battle of Ben's was again with Bendigo, for £100 a side, which took place on the 3d of April, 1838, at Skipworth Common, Yorkshire. In this battle, the gigantic size of Caunt, as he stood over his antagonist, excited general surprise, and of course the feelings of the visitors were in favor of the smaller man. Bendigo drew first blood in the battle, but Caunt punished him in return by the huggings he gave him, and the fearful falls on the top of him, and, after 75 rounds had been fought, a scene of terrible confusion ensued, through Bendigo's slipping, but the battle was awarded to Caunt, amidst great excitement. His next fight was with Brassey, for £100 a side, which was decided on October 27, 1840, at Six mile Bottom, when 100 rounds were fought in one hour and a half. It was again the dodging game in fighting, Ben going down to avoid punishment, as Brassey inflicted a fearful wound on Ben's cheek with his left, and a right-hander on his nose, which caused the "purple stream" to flow in abundance, and Caunt got the worst of the first event, first blood being given, of course, to Brassey. The same dodging was pursued to the nineteenth round, when Caunt planted his left on Brassey's dexter lamp, and shot him down with his right. First knock-down for Ben. As the battle progressed, the weakness of Brassey increased, whilst Caunt got stronger on his legs. Such was the prejudice in favor of Brassey, however, from the way in which he rallied, although drooping, that his friends thought he yet could win; but, in the 100th round, Broome said that Brassey should fight no more, and Peter Crawley stepped into the ring to claim the battle, but Brassey insisted on fighting again; and upon going into the ring for the 101st round, he had a severe right-handed prop on the head, and was obliged to call a go. Although Caunt was the victor, in consequence of his strength, still his punishment was the greatest. The preceding fight had not been disposed of for more than three weeks, before a challenge appeared from Nick Ward, who claimed the championship from Caunt, provided the latter would lay 3 to 2 or £150 to £100. Ben was not "mug" enough for that, consequently Nick offered to fight him for £100 level, which Caunt readily assented to, and articles were drawn up at Tom Spring's, for the fight to come off on the 2d of February, 1841, within sixty miles of London. The fight came off at Crockham Common, three miles from Newbury, in Berkshire, when Caunt was seconded by Tass Parker and Johnny Broome; and Nick Ward, by Dick Curtis and Harry Holt. Caunt was the favorite at 6 to 4. From the commencement, Ward adopted the dropping system, which was unnecessary on his part, as he was by far the best fighter and tactician, and there is no doubt he could have defeated Ben straightforward, had it not been for a want of something within his mind to give him the required confidence. Ward, however, won the fight, for "Big Ben," losing his temper at being balked by Nick's dropping in the seventh round, lent him such a pair of cracks on the side of the head, when down on both knees, that the referee was compelled to give it in favor of Ward. Caunt was much mortified, and another match was immediately made, for £100 a side, which came off on the 11th of May, 1841, on which occasion a transferable belt was added to the stakes. The fight came off at Long Marsden, five miles from Stratford-on-Avon, in which Ben turned the tables, in 35 rounds, forty-seven minutes. In this fight, Ward again adopted the dropping dodge from the commencement; but, in the 4th round, Nick managed it so clumsily, that Ben fell heavily upon the top of him, and upon their getting upon their pedestals again, the ruby was trickling from Ward's nose, and first blood was given to Ben. The same system was pursued by Nick throughout, and in the last round he pretended that his ribs were broken, from the right-handed hits of Caunt, and that he was incapable of continuing the fight. Caunt, in quitting the ring, disdained to do so in the ordinary way, but leaped over the ropes, a height of four feet six inches, and, in his journey to his "public," ran a race with a gentleman across a ploughed field for a bottle of wine, which he also pulled off. After this fight, Ben did what many another "prof." has done, both before and since he emigrated to the land of the "star spangled banner," and challenged any man in the world for his own sum; but, as he could not get on he returned in March, 1842, with Charles Freeman, the American Giant. Soon after his return, he was duly installed as "mine host" of the Coach and Horses, St. Martin's-lane, which house he has occupied up to the time of his death, although that devouring element, fire, endeavored to shift him on one occasion, when two of his children were burned to death. Caunt's next mill was on Sept. 9th, 1845, with Bendigo, for £200 and the Championship Belt, when they fought near Safford's Green, Oxfordshire, 93 rounds, in two hours and ten minutes. Bendigo got the first blood and the first knock-down blow; but he still pursued the dropping system. In the 93d and last round, Caunt commenced operating right and left, catching Bendigo on the forehead. Bendy was forced back upon the ropes, but got up, and was again knocked down, and Caunt turned from him, considering the round had concluded. Bendigo jumped up, as he had done before, and rushing after Caunt, who was half turned from him, was about to let fly, when Ben came suddenly to grass upon his seat of honor, and upon an appeal being made, it was given in foul against him. Ben's next and concluding mill was with "ould Nat Langham," over a private quarrel, for £200 a side at Standing Creek, Medway, on September 21st, 1857, when 60 rounds were fought in 1 hour and 29 minutes, which ended in a draw. Since that affair, Ben has been at his business in St. Martin's-lane, although he has not enjoyed the "calumet of peace," for the death of Caunt's wife, and the losing of his license, are events of so recent a date, that it is hardly worth while here to recapitulate them. Ben's last appearance in public was at the sale of Heenan's belt, at Messrs. Debenham & Storr's, a few weeks since, when he became the purchaser.

WASHINGTON'S HORSE.—The "Recollections of Washington" tell us—"The President's stables, in Philadelphia, were under the direction of German John, and the grooming of the white chargers will rather surprise the moderns. The night before the horses were expected to be ridden, they were entirely covered over with a paste, of which whitening was the principal component part; then the animals were swathed in body cloths, and left to sleep upon clean straw. In the morning the composition had become hard, was well rubbed in, and carried and brushed, which process gave the coats a beautiful, glossy, and satiny appearance. The hoofs were then blackened and polished, the mouth washed, teeth picked and cleaned, and the leopardskin housings being properly adjusted, the white chargers were led out for service. Such was the grooming of the ancient times."

UTILITY OF SMALL BIRDS.

Birds are the friends of every man who raises fruit, grain, or grass. They are the constitutional check upon upon depredating insects. Every cherry that a robin eats he pays for at least a hundred times over by countless and nameless injurious insects devoured, as a part of his meat diet. Woodpeckers, meadow larks, blue-birds, blue jays, sparrows, robins, and the whole tribe of thrushes, are indefatigable friends of the garden and farm. They never boast of their services; they seem quite unconscious of their usefulness. They make no demand upon the farmer, on the score of beauty, song, or service. They perform their disinterested labor of abating the insect plague under all discouragements, and even when requited with abuse and persecution. With these services, they also bring to us an amount of enjoyment in their songs, which no man of sensibility can enough appreciate, and which is not a whit less deserving because they sell no tickets for their concert, and pass around no hat after their performance.

And yet, one would think that the service and the songs of birds were their vice. The eagerness of boys to kill them, and the ruthless destruction of them around towns and cities, by boys, and others, not merely for their own amusement in hunting them, or for their own table use, but as a matter of merchandise, bids fair to exterminate small birds in the vicinity of large places, unless laws shall interfere.

Tens of thousands of small birds are sent to market, not only at seasons when, if ever, they might be shot without danger of checking their increase, but as their breeding season is also that part of the year most inviting to the fields, they are then ruthlessly destroyed, nests broken up, eggs taken, and whole generations shot, in the loins of their federal heads.

The grievance has been especially felt around New York and Brooklyn. Two or three very expensive and pains-taking efforts have been made to introduce foreign birds into the neighborhood. Hundreds of the English skylark have, at different importations, been brought over. At length the effort succeeded; they regularly bred on Long Island. They may be heard singing in the air for many miles back, and are gradually extending their circuit of habitation. But we are in danger of losing them again. The gunners that pursue them are thinning their numbers, and unless speedy check is put upon their wantonness, the skylark will soon go to Fulton market, to tickle the palates of gourmands.

The evil, like all others, is largely the result of ignorance. If all parents would make humanity to brute beasts, and partially to birds, a subject of instruction: if all schools would give to boys some intelligent conception of the use of birds; if all newspapers would join in giving line upon line, and precept upon precept; there would soon exist a public sentiment that would put an end to this barbarism.

MILITARY PANICS.—Much has been said of the panic of our troops at Bull Run. Inexcusable as it was, there are many such instances even of the most warlike nation of the world—that of France. In the first campaign of Italy, under the great Napoleon, Gen. Vaucluse attacked Gen. Davidonitch's position, and at first obtained advantages; but a panic seized his troops, notwithstanding their tried bravery, and they fled in disorder. Napoleon resolved to give a lesson to the 39th and 85th demi-brigades, which had given way to this panic terror. He ordered them before him, and addressed them for their want of discipline and their flight. He then said to the chief of the staff:—"Let it be inscribed on their colors, that the 39th and 85th no longer form part of the army of Italy." The soldiers felt keenly the mortification, and redeemed their characters in the subsequent part of the campaign.

Again, the Battle of Vittoria. Wellington, at the head of 100,000 men of mixed force—Portuguese, Spaniards, and English, attacked the French, 120,000 strong, under Marshal Jourdan, at Vittoria. At the close of the battle—it was at this critical moment that Joseph, finding the royal road so completely blocked by carriages, that the artillery could not pass, indicated the road of Salva-tora as the line of retreat, and the army went off in a confused yet compact body. Thus all became disorder and mischief; the artillery, drivers and men, fled with the horses, and breaking through the miserable multitude, etc., etc. Thus ended the Battle of Vittoria. The French escaped, indeed, with comparatively little loss of men, but, to gaze Zan's words, "they lost all their equipages, all their guns, all their treasure, all their stores, and all their papers, so that no man could prove how much pay was due to him. Generals and subordinate officers alike were reduced to the clothes on their backs, and most of them were barefooted."

Never was an army more hardly used by its commander, for the soldiers were not half beaten, and never was a victory more complete. The trophies were innumerable. The French carried off but two pieces of artillery from the battle. Jourdan's baton of command, a stand of colors, one hundred and forty-three brass pieces—one hundred of which had been used in the fight—all the parks and depots from Madrid, Valladolid, and Burgos; carriages, ammunition, treasure, everything—fell into the hands of the victors.

THE PLOT OF THE PLAY.—"And what becomes of the Marquis?" inquired the cook of the housemaid, who had been to the play the previous evening. "He," replied the housemaid, "goes away in a boat, and is not seen again till the last scene, when he comes on, and confesses that he was the former husband of a previous wife. The child, which, in the first scene, was chucked over the Castle wall, and everybody thought dead, was providentially saved by falling on the bayonet of the sentinel below, who takes him home, and brings him up as one of his own. His wife immediately recognises the boy as a distant relation, by a second cousin of hers, but she does not tell her husband this, because she has strong reason for believing he is not the same; however, it comes out somehow, though I can't tell you how, because the house was very full, and there was a fight in the gallery while this was going on, and I can't hear for the noise; but it appears that a reward had been offered for the apprehension of them all, and the sentinel's wife's brother, being a smuggler, is very much suspected of being a party concerned, in consequence of his being in another part of the world at the time of the occurrence; and, on his being arrested, confesses that he knows nothing about it; but on being told he is known to be a smuggler, says he has only taken to it since the remission of the custom duties. On this he is liberated with a caution that he will be closely watched by the coast guardsmen. A lapse of fifty years is supposed to occur between this act and the next, which is the last, which shows that, in the meantime, the whole concern has been thrown into Chancery. But the Marquis recovers his estates, and settles them all upon his widow, for her enjoyment during his lifetime only, and it all ends with the marriage of the young lovers, and the destruction of the pirate's ship and the crew."

TURNER FESTIVAL ABROAD.—At the recent great Turner festival at Berlin, five or six thousand Turners went through the movements of the school, and an observer says that it was a peculiar and highly interesting sight; the precision and alacrity with which the different evolutions and manoeuvres were executed by the strong-limbed, tall, and well-shaped young men, excited real and general admiration. At one time, when all the arms, by word of command, were stretched up high and straight, it reminded us of a field of Indian corn, suddenly sprung up; then the berding of the thousands of human forms to the right and to the left, with an accuracy which made them appear like one body, might be compared, again, to the waves of a field, its corn ears moved by the wind. This lasted about an hour and a half.

MOTTO FOR A FARMER.—"A good workman is known by the number of his chips."

AQUATICS IN SPAIN.—During the recent bull fights at Bilbao an agreeable diversion, from the all-absorbing national amusement, was created by a boat race on the river Nervion. The course was from the famous Bridge of Lu-chana to Bilbao, a distance of four and a half English miles. Prizes were offered for six-oared and four-oared boats; for the six-oared, two boats entered, manned by the hardy boatmen of the coast, and the race was well contested, but was won easily by the boat of Don Alejandro Rodriguez, the well-known Alcade of Dueto; the distance being rowed in exactly 30 minutes. For the four-oared contest, four boats appeared in the lists, among which was conspicuous a smart English gig belonging to Her Britannic Majesty's Consul, and rowed by English gentlemen; the other three boats bore evidence of foreign construction, but the vast muscular strength of the Basque boatmen who manned them more than counterbalanced the slight advantage the English crew possessed in their boat. The race was against time—the boats being started at two minutes' intervals—and was won, after a clipping struggle, by the British crew, who, in spite of their boat having shipped several seas when meeting two steamers, and the most determined pulling on the part of their opponents, succeeded in landing the British colors victorious, winning the race by 30 seconds. The distance of four and a half miles was rowed in 37 minutes. The betting was 3 to 1 against the English crew at starting, and the result, except to the sons of Albion, created great surprise.

HORSEBOLOGY AMONG THE ANCIENTS.—A singular account of the manners of the ancients in the matter of breaking in their horses and rendering them sure-footed when galloping over the most irregular and dangerous grounds, is related by Vegetius. The Parthian horses were lighter and harder than those of the Cappadocians or Medes, and were the best war horses. A spot of dry, level ground was selected, on which various troughs or boxes, filled with chalk or clay, were placed at irregular distances, and with much irregularity of surface and height. Here the horses were taken for exercise, and they had many a stumble and many a fall as they galloped this strangely uneven course; but they gradually learned to lift their feet higher, and bend their knees better, and to step sometimes shorter and sometimes longer, as the ground required, until they could carry their riders with ease and safety over the most irregular and dangerous places. Then it was that the Parthians could fully put into practice their favorite manoeuvre, and turn up and destroy their unsuspecting foes. They were as formidable in flight as in attack, and would often turn on their animals and pour on their pursuers a cloud of arrows that at once changed the fortune of the day.

A CURE FOR HYDROPHOBIA.—The *Press Medicale Belge* states, on the authority of Father Legrand de la Liray, late interpreter to Admiral Bizard de Genouilly, and one of the oldest and most venerable missionaries in Torquin and Cochinchina, that in these countries hydrophobia is cured with complete success by boiling a handful of the leaves of *datura stramonium*, or Thorny Apple, in a litre of water, until reduced to one-half and then administering the potion to the patient all at a time. A violent paroxysm of rage ensues, which lasts but a short time, and the patient is cured in the course of twenty-four hours. For the benefit of our readers, we may state that the leaves of *stramonium* are highly narcotic, and as such are recommended in asthma in the form of cigars to be smoked as usual; but that the same leaves taken in large quantities, whether in powder or under the form of a decoction, will produce temporary idiocy. As to its efficacy in confirmed hydrophobia, it seems to be very earnestly recommended by Father Legrand, who declares he has tried it several times, and invariably with success. The great difficulty will, of course, consist in administering the remedy to the patient, which probably must be done by main force, with the aid of a horn.

A CHASE FOR A HAT.—Every one has had some experience in the pursuit of a hat, in a gale of wind, but the adventures of one of the numerous Brown family, who lives at Cleveland, Ohio, beats everything we ever heard of in the hat-chasing line. Knocking your best beaver into a mud puddle in your efforts to recover it, and tumbling in after it, is nothing to what befel him. He was standing upon the wharf, when his hat was blown off into Lake Erie; jumping into a skiff he put after it. But the hat was lighter than the boat, and danced merrily over the waves. Finding the pursuit in vain, he attempted to return, but he soon found that, like the man with the steam leg, he had put himself into the control of a power which would not be stayed or controlled, and so away he was carried, "far out to sea!" A schooner was sent in pursuit of him, and he is supposed to be still in pursuit of his hat. At last accounts his friends were on the point of going out in a steamboat, in search of Mr. Brown and his hat.

A FUNNY FALL.—A few nights since Tom Jones went home to his wife in rather a disguised condition. He had drunk so often for the success of our volunteers, that he was compelled to eat a handful of cloves to remove the smell of whisky. While undressing, his wife detected the perfume of the spice, and said:—

"Good gracious, Tom, how dreadfully you smell of cloves!"

"Eh?" said Tom, starting, "cl-o-v-e-s?"

"Yes, cloves; any one would think you had been embalmed like a mummy." This made his wits go wool gathering. "Phew! you are regularly scented with them. Where have you been to-night?" continued the wife.

Tom was thrown entirely off his guard—his brain rambling, and without the remotest idea of what he was saying, replied:—

"W-h-y—hic—Clara, the fact is, I have just been on a little trip to the East Indies, and while I was there I fell over a spice box!"

Then she knew what was the matter.

LYCEUM ELOQUENCE.—Bill Smith, "a character," in more ways than one, and especially noted for his flights of eloquence, spoke as follows upon the question:—

"Which is man's greatest safeguard, the dog or the gun?"

"Bill" espoused the cause of the dog; and after pronouncing an affecting eulogy upon that noble animal, he demolished his adversaries, and "brought down the house" by the following passage:—

"Soposito," for a momentary moment, Mr. President, that you, sir, was a travelling, and suppose, sir, that night was to overtake you, and you should have to encamp out in some dark howling wilderness! And in the black midnight, when you laid fast asleep in the arms of Metamorphosis, bar, painter, or other venomous insect, was to spring upon you, what good would your gun do you then? But, Mr. President, your dog would have said to you by his forewarning lamentations:—"Take heed! look out! he's a coming!" Decision in favor of "Dog watch!"

A HORSE KILLED BY BEES.—A valuable horse, belonging to Mr. Robie F. Alexander, of Belmont, Me., was killed in a singular manner a few days since. He was driving by the residence of a gentleman in Seasmont, when his horse was assailed by an immense number of bees, which so stung the animal as to cause his death in a few hours. The insects attacked the horse's head altogether, and such was the agony of the beast that he could not be moved, but opened his mouth in pain, when the bees entered his mouth and throat; stinging him there. The bees were at the time in one of those wars, which every one who keeps bees, knows about.

A SMALL LAD ASKED PERMISSION of his mother to go to a ball. She told him it was a bad place for little boys. "Why, mother, didn't you and father use to go to balls when you were young?" "Yes, but we have seen the folly of it," answered the mother. "Well, mother," exclaimed the son, "I want to see the folly of it too."

A CORPSE REVIEWING TROOPS.—There is a story, about the death of Abdul Medjid's father, the formidable Mahmoud, which will bear telling. When Mahmoud lay on his divan of death, he remembered that a great review of the garrison of Constantinople was to take place under his palace window in three days' time. He desired that at whatever moment he might expire, his death should be kept secret from the troops until the review was over. Sultan Mahmoud died on the same night; but three days afterwards his dead body, covered with his well-known cloak, and capped with his well-known fez, bearing a diamond aigrette, was propped up on an opera glass in one of his cold hands, at an open window, beneath which the troops filed, shouting "Long live the Sultan."

A CAT STORY.—Elder Samuel G. Wilson, of Lee, N. H., has a cat 24 years old, and the Elder thinks she must have at least 300 children in that vicinity. The grandmother of the cat adopted a rabbit that she caught in the field, and brought it up. She also made strange companionship with an insane man, confined in a room, and would go at his bidding to catch rats as often as ten times in a day, in a neighboring grist mill. The cat under notice has taken charge of four of her grandchildren born in the house, catching mice and birds for them, and looking after their wants generally.

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